

[Verse 1]

I was told, because I didn't witness the jump off  
I was sick even 'fore I got my first cough  
I was cold and black and made for killin'  
With no conscience or feelings  
Just like the million other burners that's just like me  
A\*\*embly line made killers for the murder and bleedin'  
Got my first taste loaded when they tried to test me  
Exploded on the first one, caught him in his chest  
That's what a gat's made of  
Knowin' I'm the hate that hate made, and regulate anyone  
Equalize, neutralize any situation  
Any cat runnin' up, any confrontation  
I was put into a room with the rest of us  
With the rest of us, ready to bust  
Many rounds, any town, any city or state  
Never rest, any contest, sealin' your fate  
No mistake, I only come out when talkin's done  
After squawkin' some, and never run  
Never foolin' and ya just might lose, black steel in the hour  
Give the power to the average dude shootin'  
Clik clak boom, that's the rule  
Clear the room, when I move 'em, cause confusion  
Known for retribution, ain't no mercy, it's murder  
I burn 'em and hurt 'em no further words necessary

[Hook]

We bring the, pain to make ya bend  
No thing to, make ya, understand  
Just blast it, pa\*\* it, on again  
Keep it movin' when we  
Buck, Buck, Pa\*\*  
Don't fight, no, we blow, holes in them  
We might go, psycho, soldier then  
Just line the, sight up, hold the grip  
Keep it shootin' when we  
Buck, Buck, Pa\*\*

[Verse 2]

Guess I pa\*\*ed the first test 'cause they shipped me out  
Extra clips and a grip quick to whip me out

Turn nerds and these teenagers into killers  
Overseas in Afghanistan, every village  
I would go from being cold to warm, to hot quick  
If anybody wanted some, it's on  
Once dumped on a whole neighborhood for fun  
Even shoot you in your back if I caught your a\*\* runnin'  
Little kids and they mamas too  
Might pick ya little man off the roof, who's who  
Don't matter cause they all look the same to me  
The blood splatter on the concrete stains and claims the streets  
No peace from this piece  
I squeeze em and beat 'em, feed 'em slugs when the lugs get dumped  
It's no reasoning, it's no use pleading, it's open season  
We defeat 'em when this heater get heated I bleed 'em and leave 'em

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[Verse 3]

Made it back in one piece fasho  
But can't say the same for the homeboy that brought me home  
He was off on that PTSD  
The PTSD was keepin' him tweakin' and testy  
'Fore long for we was hittin' the streets  
Bloodshed wasn't nothin' to me, we street sweepin' with no relief  
Full metal jacket as we pump and dump 'em and stack 'em  
Let's get it crackin'  
Be the first to burst, now who's the last to last, I blast them  
To ashes, and fill they little caskets fast  
That's what I do, that's my job, I was made for the beef  
Killin' off all these young black men and causing grief  
Oakland, Frisco, Detroit, LA, Chicago  
That's where I go  
From city to city, backyard to yard, even Newtown Connecticut

But now ya wanna ban my clips, hypocrites  
Never gave a damn about a black teen dyin'  
Quit lyin'  
Take me down to your neighborhood buy back  
They so scared, they don't want to see me try that  
But it's so many more like me  
We multiply, never die, we exist to feed  
We exist in America from corporate greed  
In the midst of the fake fear, lyin' and evil  
Even got the police turnin' on each other  
Blap a pig with that "get back," run for cover  
Now it's all bad, funny how it's all bad  
When the tables turn, got 'em shakin' till they fall back  
And ya better hope that we don't come for ya  
NRA, LaPierre, get 'em done for ya  
Never thought we would come back and gun for ya  
Pull the hammer smooth back and then dump for ya

[Interlude]

"Most of the shootings took place in poor neighborhoods, far from downtown and tourist attractions; One reason much of the city seems to be shrugging its shoulders."

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